THE TRUE SOUTHRON, Established June, 1866

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.7

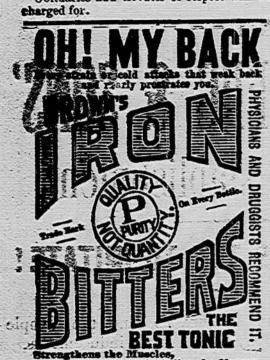
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The Telatchman and Southron | BEAUTY'S SECRET

By ALAN MUIR. Author of "Vanity Hardware," "Golden

LADY BEAUTY'S CHOICE. CHAPTER II.

HONOR YOUR PARENT" AND "SERVE YOUR-Mrs. Barbara Temple was in her glory. For a less complicated or a more immediately

hopeful undertaking she would scarcely have cared. Sophia, she well knew, was not an easy woman to turn, and still less was she asy to beguile. Percival Brent had really aken the girl's fancy. He was more preossessing, with his youth and his generous ways, than this grave, serious stranger, verg-ing on middle life. And the mother had found by experience that affection with Sophia was not mere whim or fancy, much less self-interest or passion. Its roots struck deep. For Mrs. Temple's present purpose the mere vulgar bribes of wealth and ease were not enough; all kinds of motives must be engaged, auxiliaries from innumerable quarters must be united: the campaign must be carefully planned, the advance made neither too early nor too late, just at the moment of fate; and then the kingdom of Sophia's heart could be won. But all this only kindled Mrs. Barbara Temple into excitement. Marrying Car and Sibyl had been child's play; here was a game for a mistress. She felt the same exultation which a chess player feels who, long used to engage with adversaries to whom he can give a castle and win easily. sits at last facing an enemy who would win

if he got a pawn or a move. "Everything must be done at the right time," she said. "Everything must be done in the right way. Whom can I trust for that? Whom? Nobody except myself!" First of all she talked to Prendergast herself. Mingling a certain deference for his opinion with unconcealed reliance on her own, she told him that for the present he had better not make any advances to Sophia.

"Rather the opposite," she said. "Seem to retreat. Sophia has already noticed your tiking for her. Now, if you withdraw for a while, you will puzzle her. She will say, Did he admire me after all, or not? Has he, on coming to know me better, found me less attractive? You will excite her curiosity, which, let me tell you, is a great thing for a lover to do. Besides, although Sophia may not care for you, having once secured your eductration, she will not like to lose it. No woman wishes that a man who once admired her should cease to admire her. She may not care for him-she may even have an aversion to him-but she likes him to care for her. And, I say, if Sophia finds that you grow cooler, she will wonder, question with herself, feel a little piqued; and then, if you turn round again and confess her power -well-well-she will be rather more disposed to give you some slight encouragement. Am I letting you into too many of our

secrets, Mr. Prendergast?" "With your knowledge of the heart," he answered, "I could have vanquished Cleo-

She bowed, but scarcely took time to taste the Davor of the compliment. No sooner was huncheon over than, making some excuse for dropping Sophia at a friend's house at one end of the town, she drove out to see Sybil, the first ally whose co-operation she meant to secure. Sibyl was alone in her drawing room, and certainly all around were abundant signs of the magnitude of the price she had fetched in the matrimonial exchange. She looked very handsome, quite superb, Mrs. Temple thought, as she rose to meet her mother. But there was discontent in her face.

"Sibyl, dear," the mother said, "your taste s nothing short of perfect. This drawing room grows lovelier every day. Where did you pick up that little picture?" "In Bond street," she answered, listlessly. "You paid a price for it, I can guess?"

"I know nothing about prices," Sibyl an swered haughtily. "And never need." replied her mother. quickly. "Happy girl!"

Sibyl made no answer. "I have come, dear," her mother now said, "to ask vour assistance in a very delicate matter. Prendergast wants to marry So-

"Not unless we are very judicious. But with management she will. Prendergast is a man after her own heart, just the sort of

man she would have fallen in love with if this ridiculous affair with Mr. Brent's son did not stop the way. Now Sophia must not pass this offer by. I am determined she shall not. Prendergast is very rich, and he is willing to settle down here." "And what of that?" Sibyl asked.

"What of that? Why, here you three girls will be in the one neighborhood, and that a pleasant one. Each will have a hand-some establishment; and think how you will be able to put yourselves at the head of everything. You will soon be the leaders of the county; with your looks and your cleverness and your taste you ought to be. You can have your London houses, you and Sophia immediately, and Car when those old people die. You can have your trips to the outinent, your entertainments at home-O. Sibyl, why had I never such a chance when I

was your age? How I should have enjoyed "You did enjoy it, mamma."

"Now, Sibyl," the mother went on, not noticing this remark, "there is one thing which I wish you to impress upon Sophia; that is the comfort of riches. You can speak from experience; tell her how fine a thing wealth is. Impress it upon her. You might even say, for you know Sophy's turn of mind. that you find yourself able to do much good -to help the poor-charitable workchurches-anything can be done with money. That is my special charge to you, Sibyl; the next time you and Sophy meet tell her something of your experience of riches. Now

"He went into the library after lunch, Sibyl said rather sulkily. "He wanted to

was confronting her son-in-law Goldmore, who, with his newspaper laid across his knee, waited to hear what it was of which "Sophia has had an offer-at least it has

been made to me—from Mr. Prendergast."

"It would have been a good connection

"If Sophia had not fallen in love with

"Now, my dear Archibald," cried Mrs. Temple, slapping her hands together slightly in ber vexation, "surely you know better than that. Sophia has not given her heart away; it is a girlish whim, and we might safely leave it to cure itself; only time presses. Sophia must marry Prendergast. I should die of chagrin if I saw another woman's daughter get him now. In this matter you can help me. You have weight and dignity, and you speak in a commanding way. Now, I want you to press this marriage upon Sophia, from the point of obedience, duty and prudence. You can tell her how much my heart is fixed upon it; and you might say something about the blessing attached to those who obey the fifth commandment.'

Here our little mother coughed slightly, bless-

ing being rather a foreign expression to her

organs of speech. "Sophia is a serious girl, and will think of that." "But, Mrs. Temple," Goldmore replied, "I hardly like to use such an argument with So-From what I have seen of her, I should not for a moment doubt that her conscientiousness is much greater than my own; and it seems rather hypocritical, and even oppressive, to urge upon the girl an obligation for which, as a matter of fact, she has a greater regard than I should have had my-

self. Besides, if she really loves this young "A lad without a sixpence, and without a prospect! O, Archibald, you are not giving your mind to the subject! Tell me now"-the | her." She spoke as solemnly as if she had

argument-"ought not both men and women to regulate their lives with an eye to prudence,

common sense and the main chance!" Poor Goldmore! Prudence, common sense, and an eye to the main chance had been his laws of life; prudence, common sense, and an eye to the main chance had made him a two hundred and fifty thousand pound man. His own deities were before him, and he must do

"You are a wise woman," he said; "I will do as you desire. I will talk over the matter with Sophia."

"Now," Mrs. Barbara Temple said, as her trim little chestnuts whisked her along to the residence of Egerton Doolittle, "I have se-

cured Sibyl and her busband." She checked off two fingers. "I want three more. I shall get them; and then, Sophy, dear, I think your future will

be safe; and in years to come you will thank your poor old worldly mother!"

CHAPTER III. EGERTON DOOLITTLE GIVES HIS VOICE FOR

SEVERE MEASURES. When Mrs. Barbara Temple was ushered into Caroline's drawing room, she caught sight of the young husband and wife sitting side by side on a sofa. Her coming was evidently unexpected, and Egerton, ejaculating "My gracious!" dashed out into a conservatory adjoining the drawing room, while Caroline, composing herself, met her mother with just the smallest signs of momentary con-The little woman glanced at two love birds perched side by side in a cage which hung over the conservatory threshold and then she recalled Sibyl, sitting in her

"For some things," our little Pilpay remarked privately, "for some things a young fool is better than an old sage. But these are only the etceteras of life; Sibyl has secured the grand thing, after all, and more of it

than Car. Life is pretty equal."
"Caroline, my dear girl," she said after a few casual words, "I have come this morning to consult you on a matter of the greatest importance. I know your good sense, and the energy with which you can act when you have decided what is right to be done. If it was not for you, Caroline, and your tact and udgment I should be in despair."

With this insinuating preface she told the

story of Prendergast's proposal; and after expanding in the most glowing style in praises of his person, character and estate, she turned to the dismal topic of Sophia's infatuation for that penniless Australian boy.

"For this whim, this caprice, this idea, which is not worthy to be called an idea, she a man of family and fortune, but whose character is of the very pattern she most professes to admire. I protest, Caroline, it will drive "It certainly is unfortunate," Car said.

"And unless you co-operate with me, work Sophia will lose the best chance in life she ever can have. I can do nothing without your assistance, dear."

"I shall do all in my power, mamma," Caroline replied; "but you must tell me what

you wish." "It was on my tongue, dear girl. You must have a conversation with Sophia-let it seem accidental-and say you have heard about Prendergast. Praise him a little; but that is not your particular point. Set before Sophy my delight at the idea of the marriage; the happiness it will give me; how miserable I shall be if it goes off. Sophia is an affectionate girl, and I believe would do a very great deal simply to show her love to me. Now, you must put before her strongly my feelings and hopes; for, indeed, dear, if Prendergast does not marry her I shall die of vexation. Now go over and over this matter with Sophia. You know, Car, she is not like you-clear-headed, of sound judgment, seeing what is right at a clance. and firm to carry out her ideas. She is soft, yielding, tender-hearted. If I were you I should coax her a little, kiss her, be tender with her; all that will tell with Sophia. Now I know, my love, I have given you a difficult task to perform, and nothing but my knowledge of your tact would have encouraged me to ask you to undertake it. But you will do it, and do it well. Sophia will marry Prendergast, and the praiss of the affair will be

The little mother had not said one syllable about Car's cleverness which was unmerited; but however astute that young lady might be, she was like an osier wand in the skilled hands of her mother. With wonderful enthusiasm Car took up the scheme, and not les wonderful was the simple obedience with which she resolved to follow out the directions that were given her. Independent and inventive as she was in herself, she yet learned her mother's words by heart as faithfully as if she had been getting up a scene in a play. She did not insert a word of her own; and the more she showed her readiness to follow her mother's instructions implicitly, the more did that unrivaled student of human nature laud her quickness, her resource, her capacity

for maneuver and benevolent stratagem.

Presently Egerton looked in from the con-

servatory giggling and blushing.

"I have heard all you have been saying to Carry," he said. "Twasn't listening, I hope. Couldn't help it if it was, the other door being locked. O, Mrs. Temple, do you know I really think you must be a clever woman; I really think you must be. You seem to know everything and to manage everybody. I quite agree with you about instilling things into Sophia's mind. Impress upon her"here Egerton teapotted himself and with outstretched hand began to spout fluently-"impress upon her the tremendous importance of marriage. Tell her that marriage is the sort of thing that must be done, you know. You can assure her from me that it is tremendously important. And you can tell her that my experience is that it isn't so much matter whom you marry as the thing itself. Do that, and the rest will follow. Of course I was not speaking of myself quite, you know, not altogether: for Carry is such a tremendously nice girl that I don't hardly know that I could have 'ound another wife who would have made me so happy—at least, not without a great deal of trouble, you know. But I mean you are to impress on Sophia that, in a general way, it does not much matter whom you marry. And then, if she won't see itwell, I scarcely know what to advise." The mind. "I was reading some book lately

stream now became intermittent, and Egerton began to show symptoms of wandering in his about a girl that would not marry somebody: and what her parents did was, they shut her up in some tower somewhere, and kept her on bread and water. But you see you have Goldmore bowed his head in a way which no tower at the Beeches. Still, you might try the bread and water. It is wonderful what diet does," Off flew our elderly little Venus once more, charioted hither and thither on the errands and the mischief of love. She knitted her

brows, she made her little glove finger tips meet, she set a reflective mouth, and thus she conned over the state of her plans. "Sibyl is to place before her the comforts and the advantages of wealth; Sibyl will do

it well. Archibald Goldmore is to press duty upon her, and take her on the ground of the fifth commandment. I can see him nowslow, solemn, parsonic. O, if I had time to laugh over it, I should. And Caroline will work on her feelings; that will come best from Car, who has not much feeling of her own, because Sophia will reason: Well, if Car thinks so, there must be something in it.' Interest, obedience, affection. Yet, it is not bad. And there is more to come. Sophia, Sophia, I shall marry you, without a tower, or bread and water, either! Simply by tact,

dear-by tact." CHAPTER IV. THE RECTOR AGREES WITH MRS. TEMPLE.

Her flying wheels next consed their swift revolutions at the door of the rectory, and the little woman alighted with the step of five-and-twenty. She shook her head as she marked how the once brilliant flower beds lay neglected, and the stone steps, once white as porcelain, were turning green with neglect. Dead leaves strewed the path; the blind of the dining room window hung awry; whatever she saw told her that the enchanter Gold had wandered off with his wand to other domains, and that his successor, Poverty, had already marked all things for his own. "I should just like Sophia to see this place,"

our moralist said. "It would be a lesson for

walking among his tombs. "A few months ago everything was trim and shining with money; now-and this is poverty, pions pov-

her face. "I hate poverty."

The door opened, and instead of the man servant of other days, well clad, well brushed and obsequious, there stood before her an illdressed girl, whose skirts, tucked up on one come a great deal better. It always does." side and loose on the other, told of work hastily left. Mrs. Barbara Temple noted the | did not mean?" red bare arm and the dirty finger nails; she lost sight of nothing, and all she saw turned into a moral lesson.
"I like to live," she thought; "but better be

dead than poor." As she was going into the library a whiff from the kitchen tickled her nostrils, but not

"Soup, I suppose," she murmured again.
"Well, I have not to eat it, so I need say noth-

discreet and guard her lips. Mr. Brent advanced to meet her, and tried to put on his old cheery smile, but the conspicuous failure made the attempt more dismal than a plain, honest sigh. Mrs. Barbara conversed with her usual spirit and gayety for a few minutes, until the question came naturally: "Have you any news of your son?"

"None since the vessel was last heard of," he answered. "At that time he was tolerably

"I liked that young man," she said. "I never regretted anything in my life more sin-cerely than having to abandon the hope of calling him a relation." "Has your daughter abandoned iti" Mr. Brent asked, with a faint smile. "How kind of you!" she thought; "you

have said just the word I wanted." "That question," she answered, "is one which I cannot reply to as readily as I should wish. We know what young people are; there is always a great deal of sentimentality about them. It amounts to nothing. In time it wears off. While it lasts, however, it makes their management difficult. Of course, you are of my opinion, that the keeping up of this engagement, even in the remotest way, would be injurious both to your son and to my daughter. No good can ever come of it,

and the sconer it is finally settled the better for both of them. Don't you think so?" "I do," the poor clergyman replied. He had no spirit left. Never a man of independent will, he was now reduced to a mere animated machine, worked in matters of this-sort from the outside.

"My daughter has a wild romantic attachment to your son," Mrs. Temple continued. "Now you can help me to put an end to this affair. You only can put an end to it, but you can do so."

"I can, can I?" he replied. "Yes; tell Sophia that you do not approve you are tolerably certain that even if she remained constant to him he would not remain young man at the most impulsive period of | Car." life, thousands of miles away, and with ne hope of seeing her for years! Constant, indeed! Why, in a fairy tale it would be too

absurd to be true!" He sat before her, passive and receptive, agreeing to everything, promising every-thing. But, indeed, if the proud Sibyl, and the inflexible Goldmore, and the intellectual Caroline had bent to her will little wonder if our poor rector bent, too, broken as his nerves and will were by the one terrible storm of fate. Whenever she asked him, "Do you think so?" he answered, "I think so." Whenever she said, "Will you say so to Sophia?" he replied, "I will say so." And thus she faced him, energetic, full of plot and driving her meaning home. An onlooker might have thought the scene a private mesmeric experiment, and Mrs. Barbara Temple the strong and resistless operator, and poor Mr. Anthony Brent the helpless subject around whose volition and reason another mind was coiling itself in swift and powerful

"So," said our little mother, when this task was done, "you are to set bofore Sophia the facts of the case, and its probabilities. You are to tell Sophia that Percival ought not to marry her if he could, and that, in time, he would not marry her even if he ought. Interest, duty, affection, probability. Sophia, I shall hem you in, and force you to yield!"

MRS. TEMPLE PLAYS THE PART OF MRS.

Prendergast remained to be molded and our strategist took care to have an interview with him before the great event of his proposal came off. For this dialogue she assumed a specially grave, not to say pious, air, as she now fully understood Prendergast's

"It is a serious matter," she said, in the voice and face of her new character of Mrs. Sober. "Yes, marriage is a serious matter." To this sentiment, of which the force, like that of many a popular sermon, lay rather in the delivery than in the matter, Prendergast

assented, and business began. "You are going to propose to Sophia?" she said, in confidential tones; for, indeed, they had chatted the affair over several times. "I am, with your permission."

"Very well. Are you above taking a hint?" she passed here, for the most engaging smile made up of self-confidence, self-depreciation, and a coquettish consciousness that all the charms of her sex had not yet forsaken her-"are you above taking a hint from a withered

old woman?" "You must be going to take me to consult some elderly friend of yours!" he answered,

with successful raillery.
"Capital, capital!" she cried, forgetting Mrs. Sober, and clapping her hands. "Oh, Prendergast, I do wish you would be more like that all the day round! It becomes you vastly! O. I should make something of you,

too-in time!" Grave Prendergast could stand this no longer. He burst into a laugh, which our little mother merrily echoed, until she again remembered that seriousness was her part to-day. Turning as solemn as a Quakeress.

"But, seriously, will you take a hint?" "Seriously, from you I will take as many

"Well, then, remember this: Sophia is a girl whose head is full of the idea of usefulness and activity, and being elevated, and clevating others, and-you can finish the sentence better than I, for you hear more of that sort of talk. I am not saying anything against all that. In its way, and at proper ways have done, that it is not the thing, a woman should live for. Just fancy, my dear Prendergast, what a whole world full of serious people would be! Serious people, and nobody else! Really, I believe you serious people would want a few of us sinuers back to tickle you a little! But this is not my business. We must take Sophia as she is. She has not grown up in the way I expected, but she is a good girl, and amiable. When shall I get nick to my point? Sophia, then, being so full of these notions of service and aspiration and duty, and all the rest, in proposing to her you must fiddle on that string-I mean," said Mrs. Sober, withdrawing this rather flippant form of speech, "you must let her know that such is your view of life also. It

"It is." Prendergast answered, divided guite between sincerity and amusement at the singular little ided that chattered away before "Then be careful you let Soplry know it.

And, Prendergast, be careful, too, that you tell Sophy that you have a work in life-I suppose you have and that she is the woman that can help you to perform it. Present yourself before Sophia in that form, as a man who has a work to do-such a work as she would approve of; such a work as she would do herself if she could. Tell her she can give you strength, guidance and all that sort of thing. This is the way such a girl must be carried. We none of us like to be thought mere dolls, dressed for your drawing rooms, and, kast of all, do girls like Sophis like it. Tell her you will go through the world leaning on her, as they do in pictures, half supporting, half reclining. Tell her that you will draw inspiration from her eyes and from her character, and then Sophia is yours. O,

SUMTER, S. C., TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1886.

"Well, Mrs. Temple," Prendergast said, repressing his smiles with no small difficulty, erty!" she said, with inexpressible scorn in | "there is a great deal in what you say. And I can assure you that whatever woman I proposed to, or thought I should wish to propose to, I should meditate something of the kind."

"Fudge, Prendergast, to put it in that way! In love making we are not understood to Ah, dear me," she added, resolved to efface the impression of her flippancy, "I daresay The part she had here assigned herself was you are right, Prendergast, after all, and we none of the easiest, and she felt she must be wrong. But the world is so pleasant, one you can't!"

can't help loving it." She sighed this out so naturally that Prendergast reflected that there must be good in this merry old pagan after all; and he pleased her hand and speaking to her in a grave, himself with the thought that before she defatherly way, and with intentions that were parted from human life she might rise to a unmistakably kind, "I wish to say a few higher mood and confess her follies. So our words to you about my friend Prendergast." little mother showed admirable tact, for she gave the finishing touch to her pupil, and the same instant. A lecture from Sibyl was when bidding him good-by, she asked: "Now, Prondergast, will you say exactly what I have told you?"

"I will, exactly."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. TEMPLE REVIEWS HER CONDUCT. The labors of the day were over. The whole assault had been planned. In her bedroom Mrs. Barbara Temple sat like a general in his tent the night before the battle. She was reviewing her forces, measuring their strength, settling the order in which they should advance.

"It is important, however Sophia may affect to despise it, that Prendergast's wealth, and what it will de for her, should be put before her fairly. I can trust Sibyl for that; no one would manage it better than Sibyl.' She paused as her first company passed mentally before her to the battle. The array satisfied her. Then she fixed on the next. "Duty-obedience. Sophia has always laid great stress on these, and not in affecta tion either. O, no, she means what she says.

about a parent's authority-I think it will And so the second company marched past under the general's approving eyes. Num-

Well, I think when Goldmore talks to her

ber three came in view. "Her affection for me is genuine. Dear girl!" the little mother said, with a warming his praise." of it, and that you consider it likely to be in- of her heart, "she does love me! Well, what jurious to Percival, which it surely will be: then? I love her, and I am doing the best for turn, and Goldmore, taking upon himself alriage will satisfy me and make me happy, I believe she will yield. And Car will do that

> And so company three went by, and was approved. Which was number four? Yes, she remembered.

"I wonder will Mr. Brent bear in mind what I told him? I think I shall drop him a line to refresh his memory and to bind him to secrecy. If he manages well he might accomplish more than any; but he may blunder -nay, he is the sort of man who will blunder

And so, warned by a little frown from the commander, company four went by. Company five-Oh, well she knew it; with this she was to conquer.

"Prendergast-Prendergast: he is my mainstay after all. O; yes; he will touch Sophia will, talking fast, and with frequent action at the very heart. And he will say all I wish. There is one thing about these serious people: they are half deceiving themselves and half deceiving others, and so they assume a most valuable appearance of earnestness. Now, I could not, to save my life, pretend to be interested in being useful; but I suppose I should be more telling in serious society if I could. Prendergast will sermonize about opportunity and duty, and Sophia will listen, just as she listens at church-I can see her now-and the woman who listens to a suitor like Prendergast is-married!"

And so the whole army was reviewed; the

forces were irresistible; stroke after stroke

Sophia would be conquered at last. "And now let me see," the little mothe continued, throwing herself back in her chair as she pondered her own responsibility in the transaction. "I am a worldly woman; I am making a match for my daughter which i worldly wise-nothing more and nothing less; I am doing all I fairly can to urge her to this marriage, pressing her on by every why, even on the showing of good people or romantic people I am marrying her to a man who is in every way likely to make her happy, although she may not yet acknowledge it He is good, upright and kind. And then drimy showing I am giving her a position in soclety, snatching her from a mistaken engagement, from years of waiting which are sur to end in solitary disappointment or in wed-ded poverty. Give me for my daughters a life well carpeted, well cushioned, well furnished, well dressed, and my head for it if in ten years' time they are not the first to say to the old mother: 'You were right, after all Yes, the good people talk about doing right and not pleasing yourself; I do right-and please myself, too. Sophy, Sophy, to-morrow night you will be engaged to Prendergast. I shall have done it; I have done it already. And if you drop a few romantic tears-why, tears are soon wiped off; but wealth, fortune position-these remain from day to day, and from year to year, and these make life; let saints and poets say what they please." So having settled matters with her con-science in this frank and fearless way, our

mon with those who know that upon the coming day a great triumph shall be theirs.

little mother laid her down to sleep; and she

slept that light, semi-conscious slumber com-

CHAPTER VIL THE STAGE MANAGER FINISHES HER DAY

By what complicated mechanism Mrs. Bar bara Temple arranged all that happened on this day I must not tell. The description of her successive artifices would fill a volume. Enough to say that she had settled the specches, the times, the persons, the places in every particular; the day was, indeed, occupied with the production of the drama of the spider and the fly, and the powerful effects, stage, the rising and falling of the curtain, make her mother less of a pagan and a June 2nd. It is this organization, al. small meeting in Columbia on Wednessall were done at the instance of that renowned dramatic authoress and stage manager, Mrs. Barbara Temple. Having said this, I shall without another syllable of explanation tell you what happened. All that need be said, and this only for explanation. is that she contrived without any suspicious coincidences to bring each of her subordinates into contact with Sophia between morning and evening of one day, and that the day when-still by her arrangement-Prendergast was to make his proposal. If I were to follow all the windings of this day, the shiftings of scene from place to place, it would be very tedious; and after all, what is my object? First, to declare the foresight and contrivance of our little mother; and secondly, to show how poor Sophia was environed with motives all impelling her to could stand such a succession of argument break faith with Percival Brent. These ends and appeal? or, if we choose to bring in a new can be fully attained by the simple record of metaphor, what citadel could resist such a certain fragments of dislogue which bore upon the great event of that memorable day. I. SIBYL AND SOPHIA-MONEY VS. LOVE.

"Believe me, Sophy, marriage is a lottery; I don't think after a month is over love makes much difference." Sibyl said this after the mention of young Brent's name. She was reclining on a sofa, looking very beautiful, but cold, proud and with plain tokens of disappointment amidst all her disdain.

did not always think so yourself.' "I was not married then," Sibyl answered; "I am now." It was on the tip of Sophia's tongue to say "If a girl of twenty-two marries a man of fifty-three, is her view of marriage to be

Sophia did not mean, you may be sure, to ask this home-thrusting question in any taunt- other natural curiosity which he wished her ing way, but quietly and reasonably. She to inspect; so she followed him. No sooner News and Courier were advocating free fights and loves with his whole heart, felt, however, that such a question must be was she at his side than, with three or four

taken as the true one?"

ing at all. This led Sibyl to believe that her and, in a whisper of the profoundest caution,

yours. Now ask yourself, are you not more likely to be happy with such a man, more "If you really mean it," she said, "it will likely to have your own way and please yourome a great deal better. It always does." self, than with young Percival? Percival "Surely you would not have me say what I may forget you. If he remembers you, he may be unable to marry you. If he marries you, he may disappoint you as a husband. mean what we say. No more than a monarch | have all to come right before you have any on the stage is understood to mean what he certainty with him! And here is a man of says when he promises to bestow kingdoms on whom every one of your friends approves, people. (He has two rooms meanwhile, which he means to keep to himself.) But in this making you an offer which I call a splendid particular case, if you do mean it, why, of course, you will say it with more emphasis. one. Oh, Sophy, you can't refuse him! If convinced even by her own argument, "you would be silly beyond expression. You won't disappoint us all, Sophy; you can't-I know

IL ARCHIBALD GOLDMORE AND SOPHIA PRUDENCE VE LOVE "My dear Sophia," Goldmore said, taxing Poor Sophia turned red and pale almost in a trifle compared to this



"I have known him more or less intimately ned. He talked as if he was dictating a testimonial. "A more upright, honorable man does not breathe. He is charitable and humane to a fault. Believe me, Sophia, I would not open my lips to you on the subject if I did not in my soul believe that Prendergast will make you truly a happy woman, and that he is worthy of you. I can say nothing more in Sophia began to cry, not knowing where to

gently patted her on the shoulder. Indeed, it seemed as if affairs had only to be pushed a constant to her. Just fancy, Mr. Brent! s for me, and do it effectively. Oh, yes; I trust little further for him to bestow upon her a "Marry Prendergast, Sophia." Goldmore continued, repeating unawares his wife's concise counsel. "You are of course free from all engagement to young Percival Brent. Remember, I have not a word to say of that

young fellow but praise. Under the aus-

picious circumstances of your original engagement I considered it a kappy event. And even when he left England, I thought perhaps things might turn out well for you both. Since then I have"-here he reflected on the interview with Mrs. Temple and her charges to him-"since then I have thought things over, Sophia, and I feel you ought to "Prudent!" "prudent!" It was the word

that had been rung in the poor girl's ears until she was ready to scream at the sound of tinued, "your mother wishes it. I am far not have blunted the dreadful edge of the from saying that any girl is bound to consider even her parents in a matter so nearly concerning her personal happiness; but, Sophia, when the man is so very desirable, and when a parent's will is so very strongly It sounded like a message from the lover himexpressed, I think a dutiful character like yours will-will weigh the matter, Sophia!" sobbing piteously; and Goldmore, who would ing him day by day, at the head of the house-not have wounded her without cause on any hold of which he was to be a member, sobbing piteously; and Goldmore, who would consideration, judged that these tears were

shed over the final wrench from Percival "You are naturally agitated, dear girl," be went on, in his three-syllable style of speech. and would not have inflicted any useless pain Woodrow pending his trial, and in lend-"You are a sympathetic nature, and you on her daughter. She saw Sophia out of the regret your into engagement. You are one of those women who are always delicate in marked her misery, and felt really sorry for of closing the. Columbia Seminary your dealings with our sex-more delicate her; but it was sorrow such as a humane surperhaps than most of us deserve. But, now geon feels for the shrinking patient on whom that the thing is done, every hour your sor- he is about to operate; it was all for Sophia's row will diminish and your future will grow brighter. Don't cry any more, Sophia; you gone, and after the dread and the operation, are acting prudently, and you have obeyed your parent."

III. CAROLINE AND SOPHIA-LOVE VS. LOVE "Mind, Sophy," Car said, "if Prendergast was an elderly man, like Goldmore, I would of it she was acting the part of a wise mothnot have had you marry him, not if he could have heeled your boots with diamonds. Don't Barbara Temple made ready for the final, you see how dull Sibyl is? It is nothing in the winning stroke in her grand matrimonial the world but that she is tired of that old fel- game. low. New you may not think Egerton very clever or witty, but I assure you he is a capital husband, and I have grown fonder of him than I could have believed. I would not see you so mopel as Sibyl, not if mamma were to go on her knees to us. But really, Sophia, Prendergast is more than passable; he is very

agreeable." "Well, but being agreeable does not make you love a man," Sophia ventured to say. "No;" Car answered readily; "but when a man's character is such as you approve, and ister was slaughtered in the house of his there is one such, it is said to his credit, when he is agreeable in addition, you are supposed friends. We would be glad that he is heartily ashamed every time safer in marrying him-safer, do you hear, Sophyi-than you would be in marrying af-Sophia was silent before Car's reasonable Tories and traitorous Liberals. He obliged, from habit, to use a little ter the most remantic of court hips."

"Besides, Sophy"-now she came to her special appeal-"manima is quite in terror lest you should refuse Prendergast. She has taken such a fancy to him. With his serious ways one would hardly have expected that; measure of justice and right. He rode and the unwary. Viewed in a social, but so it is. Prendergast will be making mamma a saint one of these days if he enters of old with steady lance and undaunted infinitely preferable is this, to what we the family-he has such an influence over her. It was not altogether fair to Car to hold heart. out such a motive to her sister. She well knew how Sophia bewailed her mother's infatuated worldliness; and how, in her gentle, make her mother less of a pagent and a leged to be seventy strong, which pro- day but there was dissension. An inmore with Sophia than all that had been posed to enlighten the State and whip fluential element wanted to change the said to her before. She was in that melancholy mood when women, and men, too, often make life-long sacrifices at the bidding of religion. What if Prendergast did really make her mother in her last days d botter and a wiser woman! She signed, and looked

ply to her sister's glanes. "Mainma will be has the proper number, it had best re- are trying to do. If free trade is their the happiest woman in England if you marry bim. And she has been a kind mother to us, and we ought to please her if we can. And, besides, as I said, he may really be useful to mamma, she thinks so much of him. Divided was Sophia's heart, and her loyal will was shaken when she left her sister. Who

number of battering rams, maraged by that eminent pagan military engineer, Mrs. Barbara Temple? Yes; Sophia was feeling the weakness of her sex: "I faint," "I yield." IV. EGERTON AND SOPHIA-IDTOCY VS. LOVE. As with sad steps she was walking down the avenue, she was startled by the appari tion of Egerton, who suddenly appeared, peeping over the top of a bolly bush. He glanced apprehensively round, like a paid assassin in a tragedy, and then, coming round "I can't believe that," Sophia replied "You the holly bush with long secret Tarquin strides, he advanced to Sophia's side.

"Come here," he said, in an ewful whisper And he returned behind the holly bush as think; but, waiving his manner in her estimate of the rosition, she came to the conclusion that he had got a hedgelrog, or some

matter whom you marry as the thing it-Don't let out to any one that I told you." And then, with an air of secrecy which

was frightfully suggestive, and the same long and ghostly strides, he made for the house, leaving her to resume her path as best

V. THE REV. ANTEONY PREMY AND SOPEIA -DESPONDENCY VS. LOVE.

"Miss Temple," the clergyman seid; with a melancholy air, not the least feigned, and though, by casting a gloom over his conver-sation, it greatly furthered Mrs. Barbara Temple's ands, "times have changed, changed How that good little heart leaped to hear

ft! Percival! he seemed near her once again,

"How is Percival?" she asked gently.
"Pretty well," the rector replied; "tolerably reli, I may say. But be writes in bad spirits. Little wonder; his prospects are very uncer-tain. I don't think he will ever return to

and she would be strengthened now.

England."
"He meant to come back when he left," poor Sophia said, turning sick at heart after er attle gush of pleasure.
"That I know," the rector answered, in the same downcast tone. "But his intention will friends, and very frequently transforms

"We wanted to act prudently," the poor ment. Houest differences should never girl said. O, how delighted she would have cause men to fall out, and ordinarily been had the rector, in the remotest way, recognized that an understanding existed be-

and disappointment; and to him - well, Sophia, greatly as I like you, I don't really think Peroival would have been so likely to prosper had he been still engaged to you."

"I could not bear the thought of injuring him," the poor thing said. She was on the edge of a fit of crying, but Mr. Brent, never edge of a fit of crying, but Mr. Brent, never favor by pandering popular prejudices. a man of observation, and now quite occu-pled with his own cares, did not notice her to the sacrifice of principles, is a dem-"I am sure of that," he replied. "Of course

that is why you so wholly detached yourself from him. It is better for both of you. Percival, as you know, has returned to the man with whom he resided when his health was delicate. This man-Warren-is getting advanced in life, and wants a helper in his business. Percival, I have no doubt, will get that appointment, for they are very fond of him-that is, I mean Warren and his daughter are very fond of him." "Mr. Warren has a daughter, then?" Sophia "Yes, he is a widower, and she is his only

rather soft on Percy when he lived there. In fact, one or two rather unnecessary letters ages the business well, and gets into the old man's good books, and-and marries little Bessie, as he used to call her-" "He called her little Bessie, did he?" Sophia

It meant nothing, of course. You see, they they plainly manifest whenever were a great deal together, and Percival says the subject is mentioned. Therethat in the colonies people are not so stiff as we are in England. He used to say he liked colonial manners. Well, to return-if he marries Bessie it might be a nice thing for | teresting and more important subject, him. Indeed, it will be his solitary chance in It was a sore, an aching heart that lay in Sophis's gentle breast as she and her mother drove home. The poor girl had not the have looked anxiously for the result. smallest suspicion that her mother had arranged all these nice little thunderclaps; but | Dr. Woodrow had suggested a way of

even had she known it, the knowledge could rector's communication. However powerful her own friends had argued, they could not have affected her as Mr. Brent had done ledge that we may have been mistaken It seemed as if the father spoke for his son. self, saying "Let us part." And in the mists of her fears and doubts the figure of Bessie wealthy, and fond of Percy-known to him

side of her eyes as they drove home, and good. These tears would flow and then be and the shrinking and the crying, there would be the world-the bright, prosperous world, wealth, fashion, ease, respect-all that station can secure and money can buy. O, no doubt er; and so, quenching her last misgiving, Mrs.

TO BE CONTINUED. What Our Editors Say.

The Gladstone Ministry was defeated in regard to the other towns in this by thirty majority on the second read- county, but under the license law, the ing of the Home Rule bill. It had been streets of this town used to echo with clearly foreshadowed that this would be profanity from the lips of men who call the result. The illustrious Prime Min- themselves gentlemen; but now if to see him resign and thus throw all of he makes the mistake. the difficulties of governing upon the Those in the country who are still may however prefer to have Parliament | whiskey, gracefully submit to the incondissolved and appeal to the country in venience and trouble necessary to proa new election. We are glad to see core it, for the sake of having snares him standing and falling by his grand and pitfalls removed from the youthful to his death, but he went like a Knight | moral, political or religious light, how

Spartanburg Herald.

The great Free Trade Club of South Carolina held a meeting in Columbia on congressmen into submission to their name of the organization to the "Tariff views. At their summer meeting there Reform" association, and President J. were nine members present. The J. Dargan opposed it vigorously. it would bring us absolute bankruptcy. spirit of which is for the tariff for We stand squarely on the Democratic revenue doctrine of Thomas Jefferson. platform. We want a Tariff for reveune sufficient to support a government ought to divide. We have already indieconomically administered, and so ad- cated the proper course for the tariff rejusted as to promote industries which form part of it. The Free Trade secneed encouragement. Absolute pro- tion can continue to smuse itself by tection is robbery; absolute Free Trade elinging to the tail of the Democratic

We Take it all Back. Edgefield Advertiser.

little woman faced him like some warrior of | been the pensive and didactic Mr. Hervey | I wish I had been a man, just to teach the | hurtful to her sister's feelings, and said nothtaken, and that we still retain our good friends of the Register in the sheepfold: gether her own, "marry Prendergast. He is married. It's an awfully nice thing. You of Democracy and common sense. We wealthy, good looking, and his tastes are like may take it from me that it is not so much are all for a tariff for revenue only; but as a tariff for revenue only always protects something, we call it tariff forrevenue only, with incidental protection ... 'Absolute free trade,' as is so tersely expressed by another, is 'absolute insanity.'

The Approaching Campaign.

Pee Dee Index. It is to be regretted that the time isnear at hand for another political campaign. That the frequency of popular elections is a national evil, can no indeed. I had a letter from my son two days longer be questioned. No right thinking citizen contemplates the approach. of the compaign without unpleasant anticipations. The animosities, enmities, prejudices and slanders which are engendered or set affost in the heat of poitical feeling are distracting to business confidence and demoralizing to society. Much of this might and should be

It is humiliating to observe how completely political bias estranges personal change, if it has not changed already. Per-cival has to face a life of struggle. I was very glad to find that you and he had quite broken off from each other."

them into bitter enemies. The philos-ophy of this is that they allow their passions to get the better of their judgpassions to get the better of their judgthey do not, except in politics. By taking thought along this line now, sta the very threshold of the campaign, may "It was prudent," he continued. "To you the very threshold of the campaign, may such a thing could only have meant bondage not passions be bridled and much unpleasantness avoided? Let issues befavor by pandering popular prejudices agogue, and is unfit to represent an intelligent people.

> The Theological Seminary. Columbia Record.

Columbians naturally feel an interest the question whether the Theological: Seminary here will actually be closed in: consequence of of the action taken by the Presbyterian General Assembly. That the discussion of the scientificquestion of evolution should have thisresult would be a matter of general regret, on account of the interest which all the people of this city feel in that infollowed him to England. I laughed then; stitution, to say nothing of the unpleanow I cannot but think that if Percival man- sant appearance of an intention to "rule: or ruin" on the part of those who pro-

pose such action.

The origin of Adam's body is a subject in which all human beings have tor answered. "He always called her that | an equal interest—an interest which they plainly manifest whenever fore, and because it was taken upin connection with that other equally inrevealed religion, the public have taken a constant interest in the discussion overthe Woodrow theory of evolution, and have looked anxiously for the result. reconciling what seemed to be a contradiction between science and Scripture,

in our interpretation of the latter. Of course every one would not be willing at ence to make this acknow-Sophia was really broken down now and | Warren rose before her, at Percy's side, see | ledgment, especially among the dettors and professors of theology, and therefore some controversy was to be expectby a pet familiar name. What chance had she against this fatal Bessie Warrent

Little Mrs. Barbara Temple was no tyrant, bly in condemning and contenting. Debly in condemning and sentencing Dr. ling the weight of its influence in favor

> where he is professor. Effects of No License.

Pickens Sentinel A most thoughtful and careful observer a citizen of Oconee County says that Pickens County certainly is the best example in the United States of the good effects of no lieense system. He knew so many men for this county that had quit the use of whiskey entirely, since its sale had been forbidden by law, and however great may have been the trial to them as individuals they no

doubt rejoiced in the change.

We are not so well prepared to speak

were wont to endure.

Greenville News. The Free Trade Club had a very

Greenville News suggests that as the Col. Dargan is right. Men and club, as a Free Trade Club, does not Clubs should show their colors and tell seem to be an effective body, and as it what and who they are and what they organize for base ball purposes. The purpose they should say so, whether ridiculous insignificance of this move-they intend to achieve that purpose imment proves that absolute Free Trade is mediately or by gradual approaches : an exploded theory of the past, even in Tariff reformers who favor stopping South Carolina. If Tariff Reform had tariff reform anywhere short of Free been their slogan cry they would have Trade have no business in a Free rallied more support and excited less Trade Club. They ought to come out ridicule. We don't want Free Trade, of it and join the Democratic party, the

> As the Free Trade Club is spils, is elephant and persevering in the attempt to draw him through a rat hole. There is no back down in Dargan

The Columbia Register thinks we did He believes he is right, and while he injustice in classing it with free so believes he will hold his ground and he came forth. Sophia did not know what to traders, and says that it stands exactly light if he has to do it alone. Right or where Senator Butler does on the ques- wrong he is a man, every inch of himtion. We certainly were of the im- straightout and straightforward-game pression that both the Register and the to the backbone and true as steel. He